

INTER NOS

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J. M. J.

Editorial

Our March issue, the first for the year 1952, marks the fourth year of the life of **INTER NOS**. Our friendly subscribers, our generous contributors, have made possible the appearance of Volume IV.

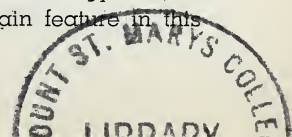
It is heartening to be asked by an Alumnae mother, if she may continue to receive the little magazine, though her daughter received her degree in June and is now happily married. An alumna of last year's class has sent in a subscription, so that her name may continue on the list of subscribers. Renewals are being received from some who have been **INTER NOS** fans since its first appearance. Among these are Sisters of St. Joseph and others who are relatives and friends.

It has not proved feasible to make an issue of faculty contributors alternately with one made up of contributions from students, as originally planned, as sometimes sufficient copy did not come to hand, or uncertainty threatened the dead line. We now welcome material from the three groups indiscriminately—faculty, alumnae, present students.

One of our alumnae contributors, Sister Mary Jean, has recently had poems accepted by the **CATHOLIC SCHOOL JOURNAL** and by **EXTENSION** magazine. The poem in **EXTENSION** appears under her family name.

Brother Thomas, whose article, "Philosophy and Theology as the Integrating Principles of Catholic Education," is a main feature in this

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issue, is president of St. Mary's College, Moraga. His article is taken from an address he delivered in November at our Students' Forum. Brother Thomas is one of our outstanding educational leaders in the West, and Mount St. Mary's appreciates the contribution which he made toward the Forum's success.

The object of the Forum was to develop in our student body an ability not only to think correctly and to discern fundamental truths, but to present their findings in a convincing manner to their fellow students. By such methods Catholic lay leadership is developed.

As the penitential season of Lent is in its mid-course, we pray that it is being marked by an increase of devotion and self denial with some special little practices of love to honor St. Joseph in his month of March.

SISTER DOLOROSA

Philosophy and Theology as the Integrating Principles of Catholic Education*

By Brother W. Thomas, F.S.C., President, Saint Mary's College, Moraga

Since you have been good enough to invite me to speak to you, even though it be on such an abstruse subject, perhaps you will allow me to approach the main question with what seems to me a revealing anecdote. One of my associates who teaches philosophy insists on taking a roomette whenever he travels on a train. In seeking to justify his insistence he says amongst other things, that chance encounters with casual strangers are usually embarrassing to him. This is not because of bashfulness, as you might think, or because of compulsive stuttering or a disfiguring birthmark, or for any of the usual reasons. No, he holds that the main problem is of a different nature. He complains that the chance conversations on trains usually takes a turn like this:—*The stranger*: "What do you do?" *My friend*: "Teach." *The stranger*: "Oh, and what do you teach?" *My friend*: "I teach philosophy." It is at this point that the difficulty really begins. The stranger either looks very blank and says, "Oh!," and then turns furtively toward some topic that will gracefully end the conversation (the better alternative in the view of my philosopher friend) or he asks, "What is philosophy?" When this attack is made, the confusion belongs not to the stranger but to the philosopher for the simple and compelling reason that it is a very difficult task to define philosophy either to a casual stranger or even to a better-than-average instructed group like the one before me at this moment.

I suspect that the eyes of some here present may light up at this point and turn to look at some one else in the audience with wonder at the exhibition I am making of my own ignorance. Doesn't

*Address delivered at the Conference on Liberal Education, Mount Saint Mary's College, November 27, 1951.

every introduction to philosophy carry a definition of its subject on its first page? Everyone knows that "philosophy is the science of all things by their ultimate causes!" Let me attempt to defend myself by showing you that the definition isn't as clear and final as some text books indicate. Their statement may be very impressive at first sight, but if you try to apply it to some of the subjects taught as philosophy, difficulties begin to arise. Does logic study things by their ultimate causes, or only by the proper causes that explain the order in acts of man's reason? If you say logic is not part of philosophy, but only an introduction, I will turn next to rational psychology, to aesthetics, to ethics, to politics . . . all of them surely part of the traditional subject of philosophy and ask you what is ultimate about the causes these sciences use to manifest the conclusions proper to each discipline. When one investigates, it turns out that ethics doesn't demonstrate principally by ultimate considerations like the nature of good and evil, but just as often by very human and inductive grounds like what happens to women and children when husbands can repudiate them for light causes. Similarly, rational psychology studies human life by the proper principles of that subject, just as the other philosophical disciplines will by the principles proper to them.

You will ask, if this is so, how did so unsatisfactory a definition attain such general acceptance? What *does* "study all things by their ultimate causes" if not philosophy? The answer is metaphysics, the highest branch of philosophy. Because of its importance, some people tend mistakenly to take its definition for that of the whole philosophical field.

Without boring you by posing other suggested definitions and then knocking them down, let me say that there is only one satisfactory definition that applies to all philosophy, and that is the nominal one that we have known at least since Socrates, namely, the love of wisdom. This applies genuinely to all parts of philosophy and clearly reveals its true character. There is only one difficulty and that is the obscurity of "wisdom" . . . the most important term in the definition. It takes a considerable amount of preparatory study as well as a fairly profound understanding of philosophy itself before a man or a woman can speak competently of wisdom.

If you will dispense me from the rigidity of making and explaining a technical definition, I will endeavor to show by examples something of the nature of wisdom. With the use of examples we may discover what kind of questions wise men, or those seeking wisdom, ask. Should you find these examples a bit difficult to follow, you can console yourselves by thinking how much more arid it would be if I were to proceed formally and attempt to define wisdom and explain its importance. Moreover, these examples will, I hope, serve to clarify the place of philosophy in liberal education. If so, we will have made some progress in the task assigned.

The first example we might consider arises from the reading of literature. You may have wondered why people should read novels, or perhaps you have been made defensive by a sharp-voiced query as to why you waste so much time on fiction. Strangely enough, or so it may seem, this kind of question is not dealt with very often in the literature classes. The reasons for this omission appear as soon as we look at what is implied in my answer to such a problem. It seems perfectly straight forward to ask: what good is a novel, or what good is fiction? Any one can ask the question. Why is it that only a very wise man can answer it? I think the reason is the following: it is not easy to know exactly what fiction is, much less what it should be. It certainly has something to do with human actions and passions . . . falling in love, losing one's social status, going to war, beating out one's rivals, or at least, trying to. Is fiction just a copy of these actions, a report like the newspapers give, or history? If so, what good is it beyond satisfying idle curiosity. If it is not a copy of human actions how can it be true to life? Here it becomes necessary to define somehow that fiction is truer than life (or as Aristotle says, poetry is more universal than history) because it is more intelligible. We can understand the reasons for actions that take place in a well ordered story like Tolstoy's "War and Peace," or Waugh's "A Handful of Dust" than we can understand the events of our own life where fortune and misfortune happen in seemingly meaningless alternation. We can know by faith that all these things are ruled by Divine Providence and that not a hair of our heads falls without God knowing and permitting it. However, this assurance of faith remains general; it is insufficient to reveal in detail why this man whom we love does not return our feeling or why, conversely, we should be so indifferent to some faithful squire Joe. Only in the last day will this kind of thing be clear. Only then will we see exactly how all this happens; how in some mysterious and cosmic way even sin is good. Then only will we be able to share God's vision of creation when having seen that it was very good on the seventh day He rested. Meanwhile what we see is as St. Thomas says in his commentary on Job:

"In human affairs no certain order is apparent; for good does not always befall the good, nor evil the evil; nor, on the other hand, does evil always come to the good, or good to the evil. Rather we see that good and evil come indiscriminately to the good and bad amongst men."

It is mainly in literature, that intelligible re-creation of life, that some kind of understanding is possible. Plot is a kind of rationalization that enables us to see why, as the book of Ecclesiastes puts it, "the race is not to the swift, nor bread to the wise."

I realize that literature has other justifications beyond the fact that it helps us understand the mysterious world of fortune and misfortune. It is not necessary to recall all such reasons now. It is enough for our purpose to point out that in considering the value

of literature we had to touch on more general questions like the order and disorder in human life, Divine Providence, the relation of fiction to history, even the nature of truth. These problems are all wider than literature, though they arise from considering it.

As a second example of the way philosophical questions arise let us take an illustration from the field of man's economic action.

You may know that much of our present theory of government finance and of monetary policy is traceable to the theories of a British philosopher of morals, the late Lord Keynes. The men about Roosevelt had read and believed his theories about deficit financing and about expansion and contraction of credit. Keynes taught, for instance, that a debt owed by the government was not a real debt, because it involves nothing more than someone, that is to say the people of the country, owing himself. Such a debt, so runs the theory, is really a fiction. Thus we have for the first time a basis for building up government deficits, when useful, as a matter of principle and not merely as a temporary expediency. It was felt by Keynes that depressions could be avoided simply through applying the product of government borrowing to stimulate lagging economic activity in the country. The theory has been, and is, being tried, and in some senses it works. Now, the question that arises in many peoples minds is whether such a system doesn't lay the basis for complete totalitarianism in government. If economic activity is to be stimulated or retarded by government control of credit, is not liberty really being menaced much more seriously than it was by any of the despotisms that were so feared and so combatted in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I do not wish to argue on either side of this question, but merely point out that here we are face to face with a philosophical question on the nature and purpose of government, and that we arrived there from an economic problem about credit. In a certain way, it is not too much to say . . . I hope you will agree . . . that all roads seem to lead to philosophy.

As a final example I am choosing one from a field that you may not have associated much with philosophy, but none the less one that almost cries out for philosophers to study its foundations. I am speaking of mathematics. I need not tell you how important mathematics is in modern life. You all know that what most differentiates our own age . . . say the last two hundred and fifty years . . . from what preceded us, is the degree to which our life depends on scientific inventions. We are in a room lighted by electricity, and built by engineers according to exactly calculated tables of stress and strain. After class we will listen to the radio or watch television. In the evening we may go to the movies. We will perhaps eat vegetables at dinner, and these vegetables may be a new variety developed partly by studies made possible by radioactive elements that come from a cyclotron. You may think I exaggerate, but on the contrary, it is much more likely that the imagination of none of us is adequate to separate what in our lives comes directly from nature as modified

by tools existing in 1700, from the immensely greater number of things . . . including most modern medicine . . . that has been developed since.

Now, one of the main points about the new science and the world that grew out of it is that they both spring from mathematics. I cannot prove it at this moment, but I would like you to accept my word that in most instances it was a new development in mathematics that made possible the majority of scientific advances. It would be a little fanciful but it would still not be without truth to say that our skyscrapers and our bridges as well as atom bombs are made out of algebra, at least in this sense, that they could not have been made without it.

Perhaps, far from doubting this, you know and realize the truth of what I am saying and by now are wondering why I bother to elaborate the obvious. The reason is this, that the new mathematics gives rise to a large number of questions of a philosophical nature and that most of these questions haven't received very satisfactory answers. For instance, on an elementary level we may ask: what is the difference between arithmetic and algebra. Are the "x's" and "y's" just generalized "1's" and "2's" or are they something different? If they are the same, how will we account for some of the properties of the new kind of number? Why does a minus times a minus give a plus? Here is something we are told in our first weeks in high school, but which no one explains to us short of a graduate course in mathematics, and maybe that is presumptive.

If we inquire from those who theorize about the nature of mathematical entities considered in all modern developments of that discipline, we will be told of "postulates" and "postulational reasoning." Eventually, we may come upon the statement of the great mathematician Earl Bertrand Russell, that "in mathematics we do not know what we are talking about, nor whether what we have said is true." This may be very well as a witticism, but it is another matter when we know that it is meant seriously and is accepted by most of those competent to judge.

A philosopher then must ask whether all mathematical reasoning is of the type "if A, then B." Can there never be an example of a free categorical statement? If one listens to the Russell's of this world, the answer is no. Yet, Aristotle and St. Thomas continually give mathematical reasoning as an example of human thought which affords us the greatest certitude. It is, say the moderns, but since mathematics is only hypothetical in character, it is evident that we can acquire no certitude by reasoning. For Catholics this poses not one but many problems. The Vatican Council, for example, has defined solemnly that it is possible for human reason to establish that God exists. How can we defend the validity of man's reason before unbelievers without somehow taking into account the modern view of mathematics? I suggest that an answer will show that

there must be a difference between the simple mathematics known to the ancients and the modern elaboration that goes by the same name. To show that there *is* such a difference involves us in considerations of the nature of number, of postulational entities (an example of what the scholastic tradition calls "beings of reason") and of proof. Surely, this is the kind of inquiry that belongs to a philosopher, since despite the fact it arises in a mathematical context, no mathematician using his methods, can solve the problem. In other words, the pursuit of mathematics leads to questions about the foundations of mathematics. It is here that we find the philosopher's work. If he is arrogant, the philosopher tends to say that the mathematician has to turn philosopher so that he may know what he is doing. It is well to remind the philosopher that *he* can only proceed, if he humbly and painstakingly examines what the mathematician has been successfully doing without his help. When the philosopher has considered the work of the mathematician carefully then he may proceed to ask his elementary questions: what is number, what is quantity, etc., with a feeling that the answers are of the greatest importance for the intellectual welfare of humanity.

You have, I am grateful to note, been very patient in listening to this last and I fear somewhat arid example of how philosophical questions arise. Let me promise even those slightly (and justifiably) drowsy that what remains to be said is of a less rarefied nature. I hope the simple point I have been trying to make is now clear. I can restate it thus: philosophy is necessary to answer the general questions that arise in all human disciplines and activities.

It is this side of philosophy, its regulatory character, or as the tradition has it . . . its character of wisdom, that is too often neglected. No doubt this is the reason that Alexander Meiklejohn in replying to a questionnaire on how to produce a greater development of philosophical studies in the United States replied with the single negative remedy: stop teaching it as a special subject. This is admittedly going too far since philosophy like theology it not only wisdom that regulates other disciplines by explaining and defending their presuppositions, it is also a science and so must be taught as a specialty too. Nevertheless, Meiklejohn has seen the truth about one important aspect of philosophy.

The reason that I have dwelt so long on this side of the question is that it is the one that has the greatest importance for the subject assigned; namely, the place of philosophy in the liberal arts. Philosophy does for all the arts what it does for all human activities: it clarifies their foundations and presuppositions and defends their mode of procedure. To put it in another way: No matter what discipline we study, there will eventually arise from it questions that only philosophy can answer. In a well ordered school, teachers will encourage the asking and the answering of these questions so that they and their students may possess some degree of wisdom. This is

the real argument against what is called "overspecialization," and it is also the reason we can smile sadly about definitions of undergraduate education that say it prepares students "to do integrated thinking in *one field*."

There remains one more question to deal with, and, I am afraid, in a too brief and summary manner. I must try to show you how philosophy is a link between the liberal arts and theology. St. Augustine in his book called "On Christian Doctrine" made the classic statement on the work of the theologian. That work is, he tells us, to understand as far as possible the truths that God has revealed to us, and, having understood, to explain them to others. In this simple statement is contained a summary of all that has been written since . . . and I assure you there are libraries on the subject of the theologian's role. I will give you one short example of the way the first part of the task, the attempt to understand what God has told us, has been carried out. Then, briefly, give an instance of the problems the theologian meets in fulfilling the second part of his task, explaining what he has learned to others. Once you have grasped these examples it will be possible to state succinctly how philosophy is used by the theologian and our task will be completed.

Let me begin with an example in theological analysis of a text from St. Paul. As you remember, St. Paul speaks of Our Lord as the head of the mystical body, which is the Church. Like all else in the Scripture, this reference is a teaching of Divine Faith which no Catholic can deny. What Catholics need beyond faith is some explanation that will help them to grasp a little more clearly what they believe in this doctrine. Here the work of theology begins. St. Paul employs the term *head* as signifying Christ, and *body* as meaning the Church. Obviously this is a metaphor, since St. Paul could not possibly intend what is literally implied: that Christ is physically the head of some one's body. Like every metaphor the meaning has to be grasped by seizing on exactly the right aspect of the more known term of comparison . . . in this example, the head and the body to manifest something relatively unknown, that is, the relation of Christ to the Church. We must search for something in the relationship between head and body that will manifest what we are trying to understand. St. Thomas finds several important points of comparison, but we can content ourselves with one as sufficient for our present purpose of illustrating the way theology works. He says that the head is distinguished from the body because it contains the internal senses (like memory and imagination) and the external senses (like the eyes and the ears). Through these senses a man is able to direct the life and movement of the whole body. This is very useful in the present context because St. Paul is speaking of Christ as the source of those graces which built up the Church especially in the first ages and which continue to exist in it, prophecy, the gift of tongues, miracles and the other wondrous

works that were poured forth on the Apostles and their first successors and helpers, along with gifts like Sanctifying grace, the theological virtues, the gifts of the Holy Ghost and those other graces whereby the Divine life is made present in our souls and whereby we can perform actions befitting those who have such life. In other words, just as a man can direct his life and actions by the instrumentality of his senses, so God using Christ as an instrument gives grace to all the members of the Church, and, as we know, grace is the source of our supernatural life and action.

Now, in this example of the head and the body you may say that the actual contribution of the theologian is less striking because the passage itself is fairly clear. All that is needed is to interpret the relationship between head and body in such a way as to clarify what is intended and this interpretation is not so immensely difficult if we have even a rudimentary notion of psychology and physiology. You would not be entirely wrong in that objection, since we could even succeed fairly well by using common observation. However, the example does show that one of the theologian's functions is to find analogies, or when they are already given in Scripture as they are here, to interpret them in such a way that we can get a better idea of what God is saying to us.

Next let me illustrate the second phase of the theologian's job, that of explaining what God has revealed to others. It seems to me that the exposition of the doctrine of creation is useful for our purpose because the problems met there are fairly well known to all and they are typical of the kind of difficulty met everywhere.

When a modern man hears that God created all things by the great enunciation in the first line of Genesis: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." The usual modern man (and unfortunately this includes some that should know better) may think of creation as some action taken at the beginning of time which gave the world a sufficient start so that it could run itself. To put it quite baldly, many people think of creation as something that took place once and is now over. God isn't a watchmaker who wound up the great machine of the universe so that it could run independently. Rather, God is a creator outside of all time who called forth the universe from nothing. He didn't cause something to be in a certain way like a sculptor who makes clay look like a man. God calls the universe *to be*. Thus his action reaches all things with respect to all that they are—including their duration. That I am now, that I am talking is much more profoundly because of God's creative act than because of causes like my parents (in the case of my being here) or my lips and my voice (in the example of my talking) because God causes even the causality of these second causes. This profound and all pervading character of God's creative action is something we can not completely understand without knowing fully the infinite mystery of God Himself, something impossible in this life. We can know that His creative action is of such

a kind as to touch us at all points of our existence and action, and unless we think of it this way we in no way seize what is meant by the term creation.

This idea as just explained is of the utmost importance in talking to people who have notions about evolution in the organic and in the animal world. It is not enough to say that evolution is an acceptable notion as long as we admit that the soul does not evolve from the animals. We must go further and say that to whatever extent evolution is a fact it is something which in all respects comes from God, depends upon Him and is directed by Him to the end He has chosen. Only when we think of evolution in this way, as a means used by God to prepare gradually a world suitable for man, is it a tenable view (whether as an hypothesis or as an account of fact) of the history of the universe.

We now come to the end of our task. A short analysis of what is implied concerning the relationship of philosophy in the last example is really all that remains.

When a theologian tries to say what is meant by the doctrine of creation he has to consider not only the content of the revelation but also the possible misunderstandings in the minds of his hearers which could prevent them from grasping God's teaching. The usual experience of causality is from human action, when you cause dough to turn into bread by means of a hot fire, for instance. The theologian must distinguish this kind of causality from God's action. To do this he must draw on the philosopher's analysis of causality and its various kinds. This will enable him to see various meanings in a theory like evolution, some of them acceptable and some not. Thus the theologian uses the conceptions of philosophy to make clear exactly what is meant by revelation against those who try to give natural reasons proving the falsity or impossibility of some truth of faith. Just as no one can ever prove a truly supernatural truth like the presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, so no one can ever disprove it. All of us would be entirely ignorant of such a truth unless God had deigned to reveal it to us. Nothing in nature can make us know it since it depends purely on the free will of God Himself. On the other hand, no one can ever disprove it by natural reason. It is not enough to say that truth does not contradict itself. The theologians have felt obliged to meet arguments against the reality of Christ's presence derived from the properties of a material place and who knows what else. Even to the faithful follower of Our Lord it is consoling to hear about the manner of the Eucharistic presence as much as our minds can grasp. We like to know the difference between the Sacramental presence, Christ's presence at the right hand of the Father and His presence everywhere. Our reverent searching into these things can only increase our wonder about them, and this inspires prayer.

If we consider most of the great doctrines of our Faith . . . the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption . . . we will see that a

theologian's attempt to expound them is bound up with the nature of one, or number, of the ways in which two things can be united or distinguished. We will have to explain such concepts as nature and person. It will turn out that most of these notions needed by the theologian are not furnished by statistics or history or stamp-collection but they belong to what we have seen as philosophical concepts.

Thus we have come full circle, and can see that philosophy begins with the other disciplines and is an attempt to explain the problems that arise in them without being soluble on that level. Further, philosophical concepts once elaborated are useful to the theologian in his task of declaring and defending revelation. This is the great glory of philosophy, and it is the way to understand the old adage that scholastic philosophy is the handmaid of theology. It serves by discovering and explaining notions which the theologian can use in his own work.

So philosophy has its not ignoble place. It wins no elections, builds no streets, and fights no wars, but it does help pierce the dark veil of ignorance which weighs so heavily on our race.

WRIST WATCH

By Claire Jones

*An invention of man
That circles my arm
And measures life's span
Inspires alarm.
We have surrounded
The Gift of the Giver,
Which He alone bounded
To flow like a river
With metals so bright.
Its steady pulsation
Should warn us our light
Is fulfilling its ration,
As we rush at its pace
Away from our ground
To arrive at the place
Where no clock-tick can sound.*

The Responsibility of the Catholic College Graduate in the Lay Apostolate

By Mrs. K. C. Clem (Tillie Pellegrin), an alumna

Last November, as a part of the observance of "Catholic Education Week," I was asked to take part in a panel discussion. The title of the subject assigned to me was, "The Responsibility of the Catholic College Graduate in the Lay Apostolate." I was pleased with this assignment because it is a subject in which I have long been interested.

I became especially interested, quite by accident, several years ago. At that time I happened to be president of our Parish Council and at one of our meetings we had for our speaker, a young and zealous priest who was vitally interested in the Catholic Youth Program of our country. He gave a splendid talk and after the meeting I found an opportunity to talk with him at some length. During the course of our conversation he stopped abruptly and asked me where I had gone to school. When I told him, (with apparent pride), that I was a graduate of Mount St. Mary's College, he shouted, "Aha, at last, another one!" At my puzzled expression he hurriedly explained that in his visits to hundreds of Parochial and other Catholic lay organizations; he could count on the fingers of one hand, the leaders of these groups who were graduates of a Catholic college.

I was impressed with his sincerity and not a little amused. He reminded me of Diogenes, with lantern in hand, peering into the faces of all he met, in search of what he considered, a very rare, almost extinct being—a Catholic college graduate assuming leadership in the lay apostolate. He then asked, "Where are they? What are they doing? Why aren't they fulfilling their duties and obligations in Catholic Action?" I couldn't answer his questions, but I began to do some serious study and investigation of my own. It wasn't long before I discovered that his questions were being echoed on the lips of bishops and priests throughout the land.

What was the reason for this lethargy? Surely the demand was not exceeding the supply. Today in the United States there are about 200 Catholic Colleges and Universities for lay men and women with an enrollment approaching 200,000. In fact, never before in the history of the Church has there been such a diffusion of the advantages of higher education as now among American Catholic youth. This is especially true of the higher education of Catholic women. The Church in America may well stop and ask whether it is receiving a spiritual return that is in keeping with its tremendous outlay of men, money, effort, and sacrifice.

During the course of my investigations I learned that many were inclined to place the blame squarely on the shoulders of the colleges and universities. Those holding this view claimed that during the

four years of training in religion, logic, philosophy, and ethics, the teachers had failed to impress on the students their full duties, obligations, and responsibilities as Baptized and Confirmed Catholics. That somewhere along the line these students should have been made to realize that Catholic Action has a very definite and a very special relation to the Catholic college graduate. That by virtue of his superior training and background, over and above his responsibility as a member of the Mystical Body, he should bear the responsibility of providing the spark of leadership in the lay-apostolate.

On the other hand, I found that the Catholic College Graduate was quick to defend himself against this accusation of lethargy. One said: "There is nothing to do in my parish except go to Mass and Communion, run a ham booth at a bazaar and take up the collection." Another said, "I didn't go four years to college just to call bingo numbers." Still another, "Our parish is a classic example of parish inertia. We look to the clergy for leadership and guidance and have not found them." It seemed that the question of my friend the searching priest, and the priests throughout the country, presented a very real, and many sided problem; but one that I think is being solved.

About five years ago, Father Charles A. Hart, of the school of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America, after making a careful study, came up with a very interesting analysis of the problem and an equally interesting solution. Father Hart said that he felt that the root of the trouble was that there was too much "Catholic-in-action" in our Catholic Colleges. He said that four years of concentrating on knowledge for itself and as an adornment of self was creating that extremely self-centered and self-sufficient A.B. who considered it beneath him to mingle with the rank and file of parochial Catholic Action groups, much less provide them with active leadership. Father Hart then suggested as a remedy that the Catholic Colleges include in their curriculum, an orientation course on the historical forms of Catholic Action, and a study of the nature, objectives, and achievements of our National Association for Catholic Action; such as the National Catholic Welfare Conference, especially the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women. Then, because for a complete education, there should be a certain blending of theory and practice, some form of Catholic Action, limited though it must be, should be instituted.

Apparently Father Hart's views were shared by many of our Catholic educators because already there is a very noticeable increase of activity in the field of Catholic Action within our colleges. This activity is especially apparent in our own Archdiocese. At the last Catechetical day of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine we heard reports from students of the local colleges of their activities in the work of the Confraternity. It was thrilling to hear these reports. Here, it seemed, was the solution to our problem. Canon law calls for the Confraternity to be established in every

parish in the world; it is a parish society whose activities are, of and by, as well as for the laity. After four years of training and activity on a college level, how easily the Catholic College graduate can step into the parish CCD unit and what magnificent and much needed work he can do!

Shortly after our own Catechetical day, I was privileged to attend the Ninth National Congress of the CCD in Chicago. As I sat in on the workshops and sessions for college students, I was amazed at the achievements, zeal, and enthusiasm of these young students. At last I could answer the questions asked by the worried young priest! I could tell him, "Here are your lay apostles—here, in a short time, are your leaders in the Lay-Apostolate!"

God grant that from these signs, from this increase in activity, from this blending of theory and practice, there will emerge from our Catholic colleges, young men and women who are keenly aware of their responsibilities in the lay apostolate; who have the wisdom and the courage to join the ranks of those who are fighting to preserve our Christian way of life; that with the vision and enthusiasm so typical of youth, they will gladly accept the challenge of the days in which we live, this challenge that was so beautifully cited by a young, anonymous Australian poet:

*Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife:
And know that out of death, and night,
Shall rise the dawn of ampler life.
Rejoice, (whatever anguish rend the heart,)
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times, and have your
Part in freedom's crowning hour.
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of darkness take their flight:
I saw the morning break."*

Happy Feast, St. Joseph!

By Sister Mary Dolorosa

The month of March, dedicated to St. Joseph, is set apart as a time of special devotion to the Foster Father of Jesus, who was at once the Son of God, and the Son of Mary. Let us come together for a little study or meditation to increase our devotion to this great Saint, and to merit his special blessing, amid the anxieties of our western world. A brief survey of the development of St. Joseph's public veneration in the Church may be enlightening, as in the earliest centuries, Joseph remained in obscurity. Why was this?

Could it be to emphasize the prerogative of Mary's virginity? God sometimes removes visible reminders of His chosen servants for some good purpose of His own. Thus, we are told the burial place of Moses on Mt. Nebo was concealed from the Israelites, lest their weakness might lead them to venerate his relics with worship belonging only to God.

Whatever the answer, the growth of public veneration of Mary's spouse was slow. The writings of the Fathers of the early Church occasionally mentioned him and the earliest public recognition of his sanctity is found in the East. The Copts began to celebrate his feast in the fourth century. An old Coptic Calendar marked it on July 20. Mention of it is again found in the eighth and ninth centuries in the East, and in the West in the ninth and tenth centuries.

In 1129 a church at Bologna was dedicated in his honor. St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Gertrude and St. Bridget of Sweden practiced devotion to St. Joseph. Under the pontificate of Sixtus IV, (1471-84) his feast was included in the Roman Calendar on March 19. In 1621 it was made a festival of obligation by Gregory XV, at the request of the King of Spain. In 1726 Benedict XIII inserted St. Joseph's name in the Litany of the Saints.

In 1621, the reformed Carmelites under the influence of St. Theresa chose him as their patron, and in 1689 were allowed to celebrate the feast of his Patronage on the third Sunday after Easter. Shortly after, this feast was celebrated throughout the Spanish Kingdom.

During the nineteenth century this devotion spread rapidly. Pope Pius IX, St. Joseph's devoted son, extended this feast to the whole Church, and in 1870 at the requests of both bishops and faithful the same Pontiff declared St. Joseph patron of the Catholic Church. Pope Leo XIII was greatly devoted to him, and Pope Pius X, in 1909, approved a Litany in honor of St. Joseph, his patron Saint.

An authoritative life of St. Joseph could be summed up in a very

few pages. St. Matthew tells us a few facts (Matt. I, 16) in a genealogy of centuries which contains the name of fathers and sons in succession and mentions one woman only. It concludes, "And Jacob begot Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Christ." Matthew continues, "Now the generation of Christ was in this wise. When His Mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with Child of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not wishing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately. But while he thought of these things, behold the Angel of the Lord appeared to him in his sleep saying, 'Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee, Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying 'Behold a Virgin shall be with child and bring forth a son, and they shall call His name, Emmanuel. (Is. 7, 14) And Joseph rising up from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife. And he knew her not till she brought forth her first born son, and he called His name Jesus.'" Matt. I, 18-25.

Thus far the history of the first months of St. Joseph's wedded life, the momentous day of which is given in greater detail by St. Luke, who is believed to have obtained his facts from the Blessed Mother herself. He prepares us, by the history of the Annunciation, when the Archangel Gabriel appeared in Nazareth; "To a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the house of David, and the Virgin's name was Mary." Luke I, 27.

One day, St. Joseph, returning from the village, brought word to Mary that Caesar Augustus had ordered a census by which each of his subjects must go to the town of his ancestors, and be enrolled there. Did Mary's heart shrink with fear? No, it leapt with joy for the prophet had said the Saviour would be born in Bethlehem. St. Luke continues, "And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child." Luke II, 4-5.

How calmly do we pass over these words, often as we read them, little realizing all they entailed. Bethlehem was distant from Jerusalem, a journey of three or four days—for Joseph a journey on foot all the way, over rocky mountain paths and unpaved roads. Shod in sandals, leaning on a staff, he led and guided the little beast on which Mary rode.

The Mother of Heaven's King had no rich cushioned palanquin to soften the jolts from the ruts and rocks of the way. She rode on a small donkey with blanket or rug for a saddle. A travel bag

hung on each of his sides carrying their simple luggage and scanty provisions for the way—the swaddling bands, a baby's coverlet, her robe and Joseph's cloak, a little food—bread and dried figs, a skin filled with fresh water, a sack of oats for the beast. Then, three grilling days under the hot Eastern sun, three nights of winter's cold, for temperatures fall swiftly in the Orient, the holy pair sleeping wherever Providence brought them. The travellers, weary to exhaustion reached Bethlehem in the late afternoon of the fourth day. They came to the home of their ancestors bringing King David's greatest Son, and there was no room for them in the inn. Neither in the inn nor in any other house in Bethlehem, so after fruitless wanderings, Joseph finds shelter for Mary in a hillside cave, which stabled an ox, on winter nights.

We next find Joseph mentioned by St. Luke, when "Shepherds came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger." Luke II, 16. In telling of the circumcision the Evangelist does not mention Joseph, but we know that the father's duty was to perform this rite, and Joseph conferred on the Babe the name Jesus, as ordered by the Angel Gabriel at the Annunciation. At the Presentation in the Temple the father provided the price of the child's redemption. Simeon's prophecy brought both joy and sadness to Mary and Joseph, "His father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him." Luke II, 33.

We may take it for granted that Joseph, the protector, was present during the visits of the strangers from the Orient, though the Gospel says, "Entering into the house they found the Child with Mary His Mother." Matt. II, 11.

When the evening for the departure of the Magi came, "Behold an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph saying, 'Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.'" Matt. II, 13. Without questioning or delay, Joseph arose and took Jesus and Mary by night and fled into Egypt, the land of the traditional enemies of the Hebrew people.

Joseph, the representative of the Eternal Father, emerges from a background of shadows, only when his courage and virility were called upon to protect his Spouse and Foster Son. Then there appeared no hesitancy nor vacillating in his decisions, as taking upon his strong shoulders his burden, his privilege of caring for, and safeguarding Jesus and Mary, he promptly obeyed the inspirations or the explicit commands of God's angelic messengers.

Traditions differ as to the length of the sojourn in Egypt. We only know that an angel ordered Joseph to return to his own country. Hearing that Archelaus, cruel son of Herod, ruled on his father's throne, Joseph's prudence turned away from Jerusalem

and sought the quiet confines of little Nazareth for their home. Here he continued his life work performing perfectly his duties of husband and father, lightening Mary's tasks, training the Boy and from his simple carpenter shop supplying all their needs. Their little home was truly a Heaven on earth, for it sheltered God, and the two holiest of His creatures.

Only once during those hidden years do we find Joseph mentioned as part of the scene. After the agony of the three days loss, when, led by the music of His voice, they found the twelve year old Child teaching in a group of learned doctors, His Mother questioned, "Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing." His answer mystified not only Mary and Joseph but the learned Rabbis as well, "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" His Father's business! Was this not the Son of Joseph, the Carpenter, of Nazareth? His Father's business!

During the public life of Jesus, Joseph does not appear, but there is an occasional mention of him, as Jesus is spoken of, as the Son of the Carpenter "whose father and mother we know?"

It is believed that Joseph's death occurred after Jesus had attained the years of manhood, but before His public ministry. On occasions when His relatives wished to visit Him, Mary does not now mention His father, but word is brought that His Mother and brethren wish to speak to Him. Mary's protector was missing as she stood beneath the Cross, otherwise Jesus would not have entrusted her to another, saying to John, "Behold Thy Mother." Sometime then, in those hidden years, Joseph began to age, to lose his manly vigor. Then the day came when God's messenger visited him for the last time and supported by the arms of Jesus and Mary he fell asleep on the scene of his earthly Paradise, to awaken to the eternal joys of Heaven. Joseph's soul waited in Limbo until the Ascension of his Foster Son, but we may believe that the Eternal Father filled him with a foretaste of his great reward.

St. Joseph wishes his clients to call on his help in every need, in financial worries, of which he had full experience. Though he was a prince he had to struggle as many a father does against the wants that poverty brings, for he was of the impoverished house of David. He understands the worries of those whose Catholicity has to withstand the hostility, and worse still, the blandishments offered by the world, fast relapsing into paganism. He sees good parents trying in such an atmosphere to raise their children in a Christian manner. The young, the aged, the sick, the rich, the poor, and the dying, all may rely on the Foster Father of Jesus whose help as St. Theresa tells us is never asked in vain.

Joseph most just, Joseph most prudent, Joseph, patron of the dying, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death!

Women of the Bible

By Maripat Donohue and Jean Walsh

Who are the most fascinating women in history and literature? You will find choices ranging from Joan of Arc to Florence Nightingale listed, but the women of the Bible are sadly neglected, though they embody every emotion and type of character imaginable.

Eve is the only truly well-known member of this group, remembered because she is the one on whom we blame all our misfortunes. St. Augustine, expressing a man's viewpoint, declares that Adam only ate the forbidden fruit out of loyalty to Eve. Yet one sympathizes more with Eve than Adam because she lost her equality and became subject to him. However, God's words to Adam are severer than those to Eve. One consolation is given the pair before the flaming sword-armed Cherubim shuts them out of the Garden of Eden; the prophecy is given that a woman will someday crush the head of the serpent. This promise of redemption must have given courage to the miserable pair as they left behind them the natural, preternatural and supernatural gifts God had originally bestowed upon them. The *Book of Wisdom* intimates that Adam and Eve repented of their sin and were saved. Their feast day is celebrated December 24, the day before the arrival of the long awaited Messiah.

Through many years Sara gave companionship, loyalty and a sense of purposefulness to Abraham, the father of the Chosen People. When a son, Ishmael, was born to her husband's bondswoman Agar, Sara's spirit of resignation must have been stretched to the breaking point. God rewarded her by declaring that He would bless her. A son was also promised her, and this son also would be blessed. Nevertheless, the Bible does not present her as an appealing character. Her heartless demand that Abraham drive out his son from the household betrays a jealous, intolerant, and greedy mother who wanted all benefits for her own son.

Three women figure prominently in the wily Jacob's life. His mother Rebecca, whose character changes from a lovely and gracious young girl to a possessive and domineering mother pitting one son against the other. Divine Justice may have punished Jacob for stealing Esau's birthright by being deceived himself in the choice of his bride. Poor Lia, his first and unintended bride, was in the sad position of loving but not being loved in return. The Bible does not tell us much of Rachel, other than how dearly he loved her, so that her two children were favored more than the other ten put together.

The most captivating heroine in the Old Testament is Ruth. She proves her love for another woman whose relationship to her should have provided, according to both ancient and modern cynics, only

a scornful reaction, or, at best, humorous indulgence. Over the centuries Ruth remains as warm and golden as the sweet scented grain she plucked in the fields of Booz. Naomi, too, was a kind, generous person to commandeer such affection. We are as pleased at the joy she experienced caring for her grandson as we are at the happy marriage which rewarded Ruth for her devotion. The story of Ruth is filled with deeper meanings, among them a foreshadowing that the Gentiles would later share in the promised and anticipated Redemption. An analogy for modern living is that the individual who withdraws from the trivialities of self-seeking, material advancement will be rewarded tenfold. We leave the story of Ruth with regret.

The mother of the seven Machabees is a woman triumphant in sorrow. The agony of watching her sons slaughtered before her eyes was more than compensated by realizing, at the same time, that in dying they were faithful to the moral principles she herself had instilled in them. Unflinchingly she went forward to embrace the same death.

Judith, a hitherto meek widow, portrays a woman with the desperate courage born of threatened death. Without mincing words, she rebukes the male leaders of her town for setting a time limit to the power of God. Where pure reason failed to give hope for survival, a woman's intuition, plus the intervention of God saved the Jewish people. Where military stratagems were doomed to self-slaughter, a beautiful woman outfoxes the leader of the Assyrian horde. An analogy for today is that where the power of the sword is indecisive, the power of prayer is overwhelming.

As Judith saved her people, so too did the young Queen Esther lead her people out of the misfortune which had oppressed them. Esther was placed upon the throne of King Assuares through the machinations of her uncle and might have become merely a tool. However, when her people were in great trouble, Esther, with God's help, secured their deliverance through her own wisdom and courage.

In so short a space, it is impossible to relive all of the tales about the women of the Bible. But, in looking back at their stories, we can catch a glimpse of the greater story to come. Especially in the lives of Judith and Esther, can we see the shadow of the one who is the womanly spirit of the New Testament—the greatest woman in the Bible, Mary the Mother of God.

Through a Looking Glass

By Lillian Pereyra

Patty shifted her school books from one arm to the other. She kicked the sagging unpainted picket gate angrily so that the old rusty hinges squeaked painfully, making her sorry for a moment.

From across the yard, a field of yellow-brown wild wheat stalks, bluish thistles, and gray sun-cracked earth, she could hear the dull, uneven thumping of an iron on an ironing board and her sister's voice talking softly and monotonously to the baby.

Every day was like this; the back porch piled high with clean baby things and dirty baby things; Alice fussing with Tommy, and "Patty, would you shell the peas," or "Patty, please empty the garbage can."

Things had been different when Mother was alive. Home had been a neat, quiet, apartment when Patty came from school. Because mother worked all day no one would be there, but a snack would be ready for her in the refrigerator and she would turn on the radio, or telephone a girl friend. No chores or crying babies, or nights, like tonight was going to be. If she could have told mother about needing a formal for this evening's dance, mother would have smiled and said, "We'll manage." And somehow the formal would now have been hanging in her closet; but when she told Alice, her sister frowned and said:

"But Patty, you know we can't afford to buy you a formal. What with mother's funeral expenses and Tommy's doctor bills . . ." She let her voice fade out, and picked up the iron again. A wail from the baby buggy drew her across the porch. She reached in to pick Tommy up and said:

"Would you take that pile of ironed shirts and leave them on my bed as you go in, and when you come out I wish you would . . ." But Patty had shut the kitchen door behind her, tears beginning to burn in her eyes. What would she tell Jack who had picked her out from all the girls in her class? This was to be her first formal dance—her first real date—but Alice kept on ironing shirts.

Patty started slowly across the yard wondering where the days had gone. Could it be two weeks since Jack had invited her? Surely it wasn't tonight, this very evening, that he was coming to take her. Each day she had planned to tell Jack—but tell him what? That her sister would not get her a formal? She had awakened this morning still trying to decide. Should she tell him she had a sore throat and couldn't go? No, he might find another girl to take her place. Maybe she could suggest going someplace else; he had already paid for the dance bid. Mother would not have let this happen; Alice didn't care. Discussing things with Alice was so difficult; Tommy always inter-

rupted when she was getting ready to say something important. Afterwards it was too hard to start in again. That morning at breakfast she had been ready to mention casually that the dance would be that evening when Tommy put his whole fist in his pablum. Alice became so interested in cleaning him up, it would have been useless to say anything. Breakfast tasted as if Alice had forgotten to put salt in anything, and so she gave up trying to eat and left the kitchen. Tommy must have been cleaned up by then because as she went out the door she heard Alice saying in a high-pitched, puzzled voice: "Why Patty, what's the matter?"

* * *

She sighed deeply, hardly noticing the warmth of the sun on her shoulders and the soft, sweet smell of dry grass all around her. She couldn't face Alice this afternoon. Holding her books close to her, she turned from the path into the tall grass and waded through it as quietly as she could around to the front driveway.

She reached her room without being noticed, and throwing herself and her books on the bed, she buried her face in her pillow. After a while, drowsy and unhappy, she got up, went over and sat down in front of her little dressing table. With her chin propped up in her hands, she mournfully studied the young face looking at her in the mirror. The lower lip pushed out farther than the upper one. The pug nose had a tendency to spread and ended in almost no bridge between two brown eyes set deep and far apart beneath dark eyebrows. The only worthwhile features were long eyelashes and a dimple on the left side of her mouth.

She was still there twenty minutes later, when her sister came in with some ironed clothes.

"Patty, I didn't know you were home!" she said, adding as she went down the hall, "I've something to show you."

Patty was slowly working a comb through her hair when Alice came back into the room, dropped something on her bed, and came over to stand behind her.

"Sometimes when big changes come in life, like mother's death, people don't realize the extent of those changes."

Patty squirmed on her bench. The voice didn't sound like Alice's. After a pause she said,

"Tommy's crying."

But Alice still didn't move. She didn't seem to hear Tommy, and started to speak again.

"Sometimes they lose sight of . . . things, and one responsibility pushes another one out of sight."

Alice's face in the mirror looked as if she had a pain someplace, and Patty tried again:

"Alice, Tommy's still crying."

Her sister just shook her head and said with a sideways smile, "I took Tommy to the doctor this morning and he says I've been fussing over him too much."

Her face disappeared from the mirror and Patty heard her saying rapidly:

"Look at what I did today!" She was holding up a fluffy pink net skirt with a deep pink half slip under it, both attached to a wide bodice.

Patty turned from the mirror and stared. The net fell from the waist in deep, crisp folds, like one of those ads in a fashion magazine.

"I took the skirt and slip from an old formal I had before I was married, and dyed and starched them. When I was downtown with Tommy today I bought some wide satin ribbon to put around your waist with a big bow in back, and for the top you can wear the white lace blouse I took on my honeymoon together with the old-fashioned locket George gave me."

"Gee!" Patty whispered, and because she didn't want to be a baby in front of Alice, she quickly added: "I better get my hair fixed."

"Here, let me fix it," Alice said. "You have to look grown-up tonight." She began to comb her hair back from her face.

Patty turned back to the mirror. A warm wave of excitement had started at her middle and was spreading out through her, threatening to make her knees wobble. For a moment she watched her hair being combed into ringlets at the back of her head. Moving her eyes up from the top of her own head she caught sight of her sister's face reflected above her own. Alice, absorbed in pinning a curl back, had thrust out her lower lip. Lines showed around her mouth, but the same dimple was there. She, too, had a pug nose and deep set eyes, and her eyelashes were long. Patty realized with surprise that even their hair was alike, especially now that her own was brushed back from her face. They both had "widow's peaks" and soft dark waves, but Alice's were streaked with gray.

All at once she didn't care if her sister saw tears in her eyes because she belonged to Alice. They were alike, really sisters, and that, Patty decided, was more important than all the formals in the world.

Doll's Festival

By Theresa Hatsumi (an alumna)

For some reason or other I knew my sister was going to be married long before she herself did. Whether it was a stray remark made by mother, or a casual conversation among our relatives, or the frequent visits of Mr. Kido, I do not remember any more. Grownups have a way of allowing themselves so much verbal liberty in front of children, thinking that they are too young to understand, which is fortunate. All I can say is that if I had my choice, I would gladly have remained ignorant. For being a conservative child and disliking change of any sort, the thought of my sister going away, somehow disturbed me. Moreover, I wasn't supposed to know about it, and it was difficult being troubled by what one wasn't supposed to know.

The first clear realization of what was to happen came on the day that I went to bed with a cold. My nursemaid was away that day and mother had a guest. I didn't feel well at all and made things very difficult for Hana. My father heard about it and ordered me to be brought to his room. "I will watch over her," he said. "It will be better than being in the nursery upstairs."

Lying between layers of thick feather quilts I stared up at the high, dark, tassellated ceiling, black, twisted ebony pillars, gently curved swords on the rack, scroll of Chinese painting on the alcove, and the curious colorful pattern on my silk coverlet. It was late November. Outside, Kogarashi—the-Tree-withering-blast, howled mournfully. Father sat immovable at his red sandal-wood writing desk, his moustached profile dark against the white paper screen. Only the quiet rustle of his pen kept the passing time.

Mother must have come in while I was asleep, and half awaking, I listened to her voice, serious and respectful addressing Father.

"I regret very much that I have to disturb your studies" she was saying "But this is an important matter which I cannot decide alone."

"Well?" said Father.

"After all she has come of age. And Mr. Kido says the other party is extremely anxious for the arrangement."

"Well?" said Father.

"They say they are not even objecting to her being a Catholic."

"Oh?" He sounded indifferent.

"It's not that we are sending her away against her wish—she knows she will have to go sooner or later."

"Well?" said Father.

"I do not particularly want to marry her off so young and let her face the hardships but in a way it will be easier . . . she will have less difficulty adjusting herself to the new household."

"Well."

"It pains my heart to see her go—such a gentle obedient child. And I have taken such care all those years to bring her up." Mother sounded very sad. "But the more I feel for her the more I hope to find a suitable household, and settle her future securely before anything happens to either of us."

"Well," said Father, still writing.

"I cannot do anything with you saying 'well' 'well' all the time." Mother sounded exasperated.

"You can indulge in your studies all day and let the responsibility fall on my shoulders. But please think a little in my place—with a daughter old enough to be married . . ." Father laid down his pen and looked at Mother, with a little light of amusement in his deep-set eyes.

"What do you want me to do—we can't very well advertise in the newspapers." Mother smiled, half resentfully.

"That is why I am asking your honourable opinion about this family—I have been for the past hour."

"Oh, I see, you should have told me in the beginning. Women are so roundabout—it takes an hour to unfold anything." Quietly, mother placed a photograph and some papers on his desk.

"Let me see—Senior grade of the third rank, First Order of Merit, age 57—It appears to me he is a little aged to be looking for a bride."

"Please—that is his father!"

"Oh, I see. Wait, wait—I know the man. Most probably met him here and there before I retired. Excellent family—but has something to do with the Manchurian Railway—a pity such an old family. A descendant of a Daimyo defiling his hands in commerce . . ."

"We can't be bothered about such things nowadays. How would you consider this match?"

"Well, I should think everything depends on the party concerned. If Mariko wants to go, let her go. If she doesn't, there is no need to hurry."

"But there is need for hurry—otherwise I wouldn't be concerned, when I think she is the oldest of our daughters . . ."

The painted slide door opened quietly, and a maid knelt at the threshold.

"The doctor for Reiko Sama has arrived," she said with a bow.

Several weeks later, my sister was called to the Ohanare—the detached study of my father. I don't know what exactly was said to her then, but when Kiku came up with my tray that evening, she told me there was going to be an "omedeta"—a joyful event in my family.

"Mariko Sama is going to become a bride," she said, mischievously smiling.

"When?"

"We don't know yet. Reiko Sama must wait until our mistress tells her. Please don't say I mentioned it."

"I will ask One-Sama—honourable older sister, then," I said.

"Sh-sh, don't do such a thing!"

"Why?"

"She will be embarrassed."

I didn't see why one should be embarrassed by such a joyful event, so the next morning, after breakfast, I wandered down to find my sister. But there was no one in her room, only a white-rice bird, that twitted in its bamboo cage, hung in the weak yellow sun. A four-stringed lyre stood silently against the wall and in the corner a slender clothes rack of rusty vermillion shone dimly. A faint smell of musk clung in the air. No one seemed to have sat on the damask satin cushion placed on the matted door, no one had touched the drooping goat sallow on the dais that morning. Wondering where my sister could be, I knelt down beside her lacquered desk. A shining letter-box inlaid with gold, crimson tassels of silk, a calligraphy-set in varnished brown, a small ivory statue of the Virgin Mary, and Buddhist beads that belonged to my grandmother. Beside the bamboo brush-stand something square and flat, neatly folded in white rice-paper, caught my eye. I took it up, hesitated, then without opening the paper, placed it back on the desk exactly as it lay before I touched it. I knew what it was—a photograph of the bridegroom, my older sister's future lord and master. Suddenly, I felt as if I were doing something wrong in her room, alone, while she was away. The quietness of the room, and the little white statue made me feel like a stranger.

"Perhaps I shouldn't ask her anything," I thought, slowly climbing the polished wooden stairs to my nursery.

Days passed, but there was no change in my sister's demeanor. As usual she played the Okoto, arranged flowers, embroidered cherry blossoms on her black satin obi, and read her favorite poems from the classics. Even when the day for the formal meeting came, the only thing she asked was, "Must I dress up much?" She looked beautiful that day—deep lilac kimono, white peonies blossoming on it, her long, shiny black hair drawn back in a neat little bun, jade bodkin, coral brocade sash, a touch of powder on her slight oval face.

"Itte mairimasu—I shall go to return," she said, tipping her head a little to the side, as she always did when speaking to people.

"If you don't like the way he looks, say so frankly," said father. "No use being bashful about such things." My sister blushed, and turned away in silence.

That evening my mother looked thoughtful.

"It's an important decision, Mariko San," she said. "So think well over it. If you don't want to go, it is not too late to refuse—"

My sister bowed her head, "I would rather leave it to you and father," she said, in a low voice. "I would rather not decide by myself."

I heard no more about it, while New Year's came and went. Pale Sarangua flowers withered and dropped away. Scarlet Nandien berry shone in the frost bitten sunshine, and the jonquil leaves grew inch by inch on the dais. Plum blossoms spread their fragrance in the corridor. And with the flowering of the peach tree, came our doll's festival. The only feast day for young girls in the year.

Early in the morning of March the third, our old man-servant set up the five story dais in the back parlor and covered it with the scarlet sundew. The maids brought out different sized paulownia boxes from our go-down. And with the help of mother we took out each little doll carefully from yellow silk wrappings and placed it on the steps. Emperor on its ivory throne, Empress in silver brocade, lord and ladies dressed in their court fineries, their tiny gold fans and silver swords shining in the flickering candle light; musicians playing their flute, lyre and drums; white horses, paper framed lamos and tiny mandarine trees. . . . Finally, a table laden with tiny wine cups and different coloured rice-cakes was brought in, and mother told us to go and change for the party afternoon.

"Just a second," said my eldest sister, striking a match, and shielding the flame with her sleeve, then, putting the light in the miniature hand lamp, she slid back on the tatami and gazed at the pageantry.

"It's too early for that," said Mother, "you'll have to wait till the guests arrive."

"Yes Mother," my sister replied obediently. "I just wanted to see how it looked with the lamps on, before the people came." The tiny flames glowed warm and cheerful in the white paper frames. Little musicians with blue shaved scalps played on in silence. And against the gloom of our back parlour the dainty white faced dolls stared ahead, immovable and unconcerned, glittering in thier cloth of gold. Hesitantly my sister blew off the lights, still shielding the lamps with her sleeve. Then without a word left the room.

With each rain, the weather grew warmer. Mother was busy preparing the trousseau. Day after day new sets of furniture arrived, and soon our parlour was filled with paulawania wardrobes, lacquered chests and clothes-racks, colourful silk quilts, all covered with purple cloth with our family crest dyed out in white. Clothes merchants with blue cotton aprons, seamstresses with thimbles, dyers, embroiderers streamed in and out of our gate. White mosquito-nets bordered with blue, a pair of ivory chopsticks, layers and layers of kimono, some with our crest on, some plain pink, light blue, deep purple-dyed ones, embroidered ones, hand painted ones—gold, silver, lacquered threads of deep red, brown, and black—cherry blossoms for spring, plum for winter, and chrysanthemums for autumn. Yards of brocade were sent from Kyoto, some brilliant, some sombre, and finally a set of hair ornaments made of spotless tortoise shell arrived—clear amber colored and delicately carved, it looked like a whole seven roofed pagoda in elaborate miniature.

In the hallway presents from our acquaintances made a small mound; merchants, carpenters, tile-makers, and local firemen, came one after the other to offer congratulations. Finally the formal exchange of Yuino—betrothal presents took place. One fine afternoon in April, under the flowering cherry blossoms, Mr. Kido came, dressed in a loose dignified ceremonial robe. An attendant followed with a dried cuttlefish, flat tangle and a scroll of white papers held in his hand.

"I wish you joy on this auspicious occasion—unworthy as I am, having been appointed an official go-between . . ." He sounded very formal like a stranger, not like the usual jovial Mr. Kido, at all.

"Thank you so much for all the trouble you have taken." My Mother answered in an equally formal tone. My sister sat silently behind my Mother and bowed.

The Yuino occupied a place of honour in our drawing room, looking silly and mysterious.

"Mother, why did Mr. Kido bring such funny things?" I asked, "they are so dry and ugly."

"It's an old custom," Mother explained, "which means the promise of marriage is as securely made as ever."

"Then Mariko Onesame has to go even if she didn't want anymore"

"Even if the bridegroom dies," Mother said, as if closing a lid on a box.

But the bridegroom didn't die, and April passed quickly. Cherry-blossoms had gone, and azaleas began to flower in our garden. The joyful day approached, and my sister grew even more silent. The evening before the wedding I went into her room, hoping she would play with me awhile before supper. She was sitting alone at her writing desk. The soft golden glow of the clouds reflected on her hair, sloping gentle shoulders, and white hands folded on her lap.

"One sama," I called hesitantly. She stirred, and turned around.

"Ah, Reiko Chan," she murmured, standing up, her silk kimono rustled quietly. "Would you like to come with me for a while?"

"Where?"

"To the garden."

The sky was turning paler, almost a colourless blue. The shadows had begun to gather among the tall mandala trees and somewhere far off, a temple bell rang the setting sun.

The air was warm and fragrant with the scent of mignonette. And the dew sparkled on the broad bamboo leaves. We walked across the lawn, under the pomegranate tree, and stopped at the curving bridge over the stream. Through the pine trees the water of the pond gleamed black and bottomless. Only from time to time a large carp jumped, falling with a splash onto the still surface.

"It's too early for hazumi-so, isn't it" my sister said. "It's too dark anyway."

Remembering that every year we used to look for the tiny blue berries hidden in the shiny blade-like grass I asked "Shall I get some candles and matches from Kiyō?"

"Oh no," she laughed, "I just wondered, that's all." I looked back at our house. The lights were on, and maids went about busily through the corridor, in and out of the brightly lit dining room.

On the edge of the pond stood a tall stone lantern with a hollow top. And there my sister bent down and took out a bunch of papers from her sleeve. Letters, scraps of poetry, and a diary. She stacked them at the foot of the lantern on the ground and struck a match. A little blue flame went up and cast a trembling shadow on the smooth white stone, turned orange, then died down. Still bent on her knees, she watched the papers turn to curling black ashes.

"Shall we go?" I said, getting bored.

She stood up and with one hand straightening the fold of her kimono, took my hand with the other, and started slowly back.

"One-Sama," I said as I tugged at her sleeve, "why did you burn those papers?"

"Because I have to go away tomorrow."

"Would you be able to come back often?"

"No, not very often."

"Do you have to go?"

"Yes I have to."

"Because Mr. Kido brought the Yuino?" My sister laughed again.

"Omase san—precocious child," she said, "who told you?"

"Can't you return it?"

"I don't think so."

"One Sama doesn't look glad at all," I remarked. "Why?"

"Because I'm not glad."

"Then are you feeling sad?"

"No, I'm not particularly sad," she said, frowning a little. "And it's no use being sad."

"Why?"

"Because there are things you have to do, and things you can't do. You'll understand when you grow up."

"Then I don't think I'll want to grow up," I said, pouting.

"I wish you didn't have to either," my sister said, run along and wash your hands and face. Don't forget to ask Hana to comb your hair too."

There was not a speck of cloud in the warm blue sky the next day. "Very unusual," said Mr. Kido. "Very unusual. In late April we generally have a flower gloom. This is indeed a good omen. Well, well, it is going to be a busy day. Pardon me everyone. I have to rush. . . ." No doubt it was a busy day for my sister—Mass at the

Cathedral in the morning, Shinto ceremony at noon, in the evening an announcement banquet at the Imperial Hotel.

When my other sister, my brothers and I arrived at the hotel, the banquet hall was more than half filled with guests. Under the crystal chandeliers men in tail coats stood around, glasses in their hands, elderly ladies in black silk kimonos, young girls in bright embroidered robes and tight brocade sashes, smiled at each other. From time to time waves of discreet laughter went across the heavily scented air. In the soft half-light, waiters in tuxedos slid around, solemnly offering cocktails and imported sherry. At the entrance my sister stood with her husband, dressed in a white ceremonial kimono with floating silver pattern of tortoise and crane. She looked pale, and her elaborate hairdo with its pins and tassels looked almost too heavy for her. The tall, thin bridegroom stood erect in his black western clothes and bowed his head stiffly to incoming guests.

How many hundreds of people there were I don't remember, when we finally sat down at the banquet tables. My sister had changed her costume now to a brightly embroidered one, full sleeved and sparkling. Course after course followed. Wines were poured, emptied, and filled again. From the corner where I sat, I could glance down over sparkling glasses and clusters of carnations to the center where my sister sat, her head bent down, scarcely lifting her fork from the plate.

"Why isn't Mariko Sama eating at all?" I whispered to my brother who sat next to me. "I wonder if her sash is too tight?"

"Silly," said Kii Chan, my older brother. "Brides aren't supposed to eat—not much anyway. How can she—everyone gaping at her like that." After a while Admiral Hanki dressed in his fall Admiral's uniform stood up. Table speeches were beginning. Sound of muffled coughs, spoons laid down, turning of chairs, then silence.

"Oh dear," I thought. "Poor One-Sama. She must be frightfully hungry."

"The groom has graduated with honours from the Kyoto Imperial University—unmatched talents—highly intelligent—cheerful disposition—skilled in modern sports—a brilliant future in the government. The bride is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Normal School—unparalleled in wit and beauty—various accomplishments, out of which she excels in the art of poetry—docile, gentle, refined." I looked down towards my sister again, and my new brother-in-law. Both of them looking down, silent and detached. Somehow, the burning colour of her kimono, shining ornaments, and the white, immovable face made me think of our last doll's festival—the only difference was she didn't have to go back to their paulownia boxes and then to the dark go-down there to be forgotten for another year. "Getting married isn't much fun," I decided.

Finally all the guests left, with many congratulations, handshakes, and bowings. It was close to eleven o'clock when my sister came

down to the lobby in her coat and shawl, ready to leave. I was getting very sleepy in a soft armchair, forgetting everything that had happened.

"Goodby, Reiko Chan," said my sister.

"Goodby—good night," I said, waking up. "When are you coming back?" But she was walking towards the entrance, with her husband and his family—and mine, which was no longer hers.

A shining black car waited outside. My brother-in-law bowed to my parents and got into the car, while the chauffeur held the door open. My sister turned to follow in silence. "Just a minute, Mariko San," mother stepped forward to adjust my sister's shawl from the back. Mother's hand touched her shoulder. Suddenly with a small, irritable motion my sister jerked Mother's hand away. "Please don't," she said, in a tiny choking voice, and quickly stepped into the car. My brother-in-law bowed stiffly again through the dimly lit window pane. My sister's face was turned downwards, her eyes almost closed. In silence we watched through the gate at the car that glided away into the streaming city-lights.

"Mariko was such a gentle child . . ." murmured my mother, "Such a gentle child." There were tears in her eyes.

SHOPPING TOUR

By Marilyn Rudy

• *Crowd*
Hustle
Loud
Bustle.

Shop
People
Stop
Steeple.

Bus
Leery
Fuss
Weary.

Moan
Home.

Nightwatch

By Sheila Sullivan

The four hunch closely over the dim fire. Their collars are drawn against the icy night drafts; each stubbly jaw holds a battered cigarette. Heat from the fire forms drops on the tips of their cold noses. The pale kid sits crosslegged, his carbine resting against his lean shoulder. His cheeks are drawn and still covered with the fine fuzz of youth. Flickering lights pick out the uniformly stenciled letters on the helmet of the man beside him. The Captain, too, sits crosslegged, the tripped weapon on his lap. His eyes dart from man to man. He listens to the darkness. The Sargeant to the left of the kid stares deep into the flames. His hands are clasped, the right arm encircling his right knee. His muddy left boot beats out the snatches of melody he hums. His lips narrow in a half grin, but he doesn't smile. The Corporal finishes his ration, folds the tin cup, lights another cigarette and inhales deeply—contentedly.

"Hey, Dego, whatcha thinking about—some chic ya left stateside?"

"Yea . . . my girl. I was remembering how we usta polka an . . ."

"Quiet down, you guys!"

"Okay, okay poppa. What's up? You're acting kinda jumpy tonight. Don't tell me our courageous Captain . . ."

"Enough, I said, Corporal!"

The kid tosses his cigarette butt into the flames. He turns to the Captain.

"Do you ever get downright scared, Sir?"

"Scared, boy? Don't ever be scared. Be anxious, boy, but don't *ever* be scared. It's the waiting that gets you—you'll never lose that. The waiting and wondering. How old are you, boy?"

"I'm nineteen past, almost twenty, Sir."

"Got folks waiting back home?"

"Yes, *sir* . . . and a girl. When we were back of the lines I got a letter every day, but up here . . ."

"I know, boy."

"Think she's found another dashing military man to admire, kid?"

The Corporal shifts restlessly; he moves the tin hat further back on his head. He winks at the kid.

These uniforms do something for a guy, you know—huh Dego?"

"Yea, Mike. They add to his 'poisonal charm.' When ya been in this man's army as long as us, kid, the mails don't bother ya. It's when ya do get a letter that the worrying starts."

"You fellas been in quite a while, eh Sargeant?"

"Too long, kid. It gets in your blood after awhile, then you're no good at nothin' else. But one of these days we'll be stateside again

and, boy, it's me for one of them rose-covered bungalows. But Mike over there—he's one of them 'professional soldiers.'

"The fightin' and stink of death don't bother him. He just does his job, eats his rations and lights up those cigarettes—one right after another. The only thing that would scare Mike is a rumor that the smokes are runnin' low."

The kid smiles and looks over at the big Corporal. Two channels of grey smoke spurt from his nostrils. His beard and sideburns are course and jet black. He lies back on his right elbow, his muddy brogans thrust out to soak up the heat of the flames. His eyelids blink slowly and heavily; the eyes beneath are strained and blood-shot from the day's watch.

The kid frowns, his back teeth clench—setting the jaw square. He unconsciously fingers his smooth face. His long legs unwind, the left knee rises, the right foot pushes slowly forward. His carbine is casually set aside.

The Captain reaches inside his zippered jacket, draws out a package and hands it to the kid.

"Smoke, Soldier?"

SONNET

By **Melania Austin**

*I wonder now when first my soul conceived
The first small seed of love, what impetus
Removed the wall of self, what part received
The root of thought, and bore beneath the dust
Of fear the embryo of mental sight.
I now recall how oft I saw in others
By outward signs, that inward God-like light,
And yet remained my soul in its own tethers.
Perhaps the gentle thrust of sacrifice
Prepared my soul, unknowing, for the seed,
Removed the vice-like bonds of selfishness
So I could turn and see my soul, now freed.
My soul then saw its own receptive state,
Conceived the seed of love; my will now governs fate.*

Song of the Chippewa Child

By Gloria Day

Among the American Indians certain members of a tribe were supposed to possess magic power through association with various gods. The sun was looked upon as a god; health and prosperity depended upon his friendship. The owl, an evil omen which accompanied night, was feared. This fear is the theme of the song within the poem, an actual, spontaneous song of a Chippewa child.

girl of the sun	<i>The sky calls me daughter, Tawá ma na.</i>
night	<i>Jealous is Só a, My uncle</i>
day	<i>For his sister is to me belovéd, Ánda.</i>
sun woman	<i>Mí he wi, say my people;</i>
morning star	<i>Mish án nock soothes the sun. Friend of the bird, Chó le na Slayer of the owl, Ó pa. A child once sang: Very much also I of the owl am afraid, Sitting alone in the wigwam. Tawá ma na is his protector.</i>
noon-day sun	<i>When Nun-da yé li sees his children Tawá ma na smiles.</i>

Alumnae News

Among wedding announcements received since our last number of *Inter Nos* are those of *Jean Marie Libert* to Mr. Dennis Raymond Ryan at St. John's, Los Angeles; *Margaret Mary Wylie* to Mr Basil Alberton Jackson Jr. at Our Lady of Sorrows, Santa Barbara; *Mary Margaret Schaefer* to Mr. James Robert Welker at St. Paul the Apostle; *Dolores Joan Peltzer* to Mr. John Anthony Batz at Sacred Heart Church, Lancaster; *Mary Catherine Stehly* to Mr. J. Peter Schaner at St. Boniface, Anaheim.

New arrivals are: to *Dr. and Mrs. John Stehly* (Jeanelle McDonald) a girl, Jeanine Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. William Hogan* (Joan Herold) a girl, Michele Patricia; to *Lt. and Mrs Peter Scherr* (Louise Powers) a girl, Mary Louise; to *Mr. and Mrs. George Gorciak* (Genevieve de Grood) a girl; to *Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Ysaguirre* (Ellen Orbea) a girl; to *Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Millet* (Helen Schubert) a boy, George Howard. Helen is now living in Melbourne, Australia.

A card was received from *Dr. Barbara Williams* from Boston City Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts. A letter from *Margaret McGuirk* shows that she is enjoying her graduate work at Marquette University. *Mrs. Herbert McGrath, Jr.* (Geraldine Biggs) keeps up her interest in the Mount. She has renewed her subscription to *Inter Nos*. *Mrs. George Kassler*, Claire's mother, also is continuing her *Inter Nos* subscription. Lt. Ray Appel is now stationed at an air base in Tripoli. *Mrs. Appel* (Maureen Trounce) and son Stevie, joined him in March.

Dorothy Miller is teaching at a school in Trieste.

Mary McCarthy has been recuperating at our hospital in Tuscon. Mary has spent many years in Central America. She is now in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mbakwem (Uzo Moneke) are in Toronto where Ben is doing graduate work at the University of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor (Kay Williams) have bought a home in Reseda.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bruneau (Lois O'Connell) are living in Phoenix since Ralph's graduation *summa cum laude* with a master's degree in fine arts from the University of Ohio. He expects to teach somewhere in Arizona next semester.

On the evening of December 10 the Alumnae Association held an informal reception in the College Lounge. Invited guests were the President and Faculty, the current officers and class and district representatives.

The officers had carried out a clever but difficult plan for raising

funds for the college. The result showed in the presentation of a beautiful book bound in leather with vellum paper pages containing 201 autographs. Each signature required for its entry, a money contribution toward an endowment fund.

The generosity of the solicitors and the work entailed in mapping and distributing areas to volunteers, occupied much of the summer and early fall, and was a difficult undertaking. Its success is a source of gratification to all who gave their services so untiringly. One solicitor, *Betsy Knieriem*, also a generous contributor in signing the book, said, "It was fun." *Helen Pickett* and *Colette Regan* undertook the initial work of surveying areas and providing addresses and procedures.

The President and Faculty are deeply grateful to the Alumnae for this and other tokens of their loyalty, and express through *Inter Nos*, appreciation of each of the workers, and each of the signers. The book will be on exhibit, at times, in the Willard Coe Memorial Library on the campus.

The Association plans a day of recollection at the College on Passion Sunday.

Interesting Christmas cards received from Alumnae members included some with photographs of their children. From *Margaret Donovan Kelly* came two girls and a boy; from *Lee Fitzgerald Geever* two girls and a boy; from *Helene Perry Trammell* a boy and a girl; from *Peggy Perry Kehoe* a boy; from *Jackie Hansen Thomas* a girl and a boy; from *Mr. Joseph Scott* twenty of his grandchildren, among them eight children of his daughter, *Josephine*, a Mount Alumna; from *Edeline Ewell Pfost* a boy; from *Doris Schuek Reichel* a girl; from *Betty Fluor Taylor*, two girls and a boy; from *Jeanette Sierks Lavoran* a girl.